Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1914 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THREE QUATRAINS

OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

A MYSTERY.

God moves among His mighty worlds afar,
Yet shines in every soul a quiet star;
So the huge sun, that climbs the unfathomed blue
Soars glittering in every drop of dew.

ETERNAL EQUITIES.

All the poised balances of God would swerve,
Did men not get the blessings they deserve;
And all the vigorous scales of Fate would turn,
Did men not get the punishments they earn.

From the Nautilus. EDWARD MARKMAN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914. NUMBER 9

THE MORNING-GLORY.

Was it worth while to paint so fair
Thy every leaf—to vein with faultless art
Each petal, taking the boon light and air
Of summer so to heart?

To bring thy beauty unto perfect flower,
Then, like a passing fragrance or a smile,
Vanish away, beyond recovery's power—
Was it, frail bloom, worth while?

Thy silence answers: "Life was mine!
And I, who pass without regret or grief,
Have cared the more to make my moment fine,
Because it was so brief.

"In its first radiance I have seen
The sun!—why tarry, then, till comes the night?
I go my way, content that I have been
Part of the morning light!"

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

The eloquent appeal of Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead to the Woman Suffragists of today, written in London in the stress of the early days of horror, is always timely, and we print it in another column for the thought it will provoke.

Percy M. Dawson of the University of Wisconsin glimpses the aggressive side of the situation in Europe. Surely the law of compensation must be at work here as everywhere throughout the universe:

> I am not at all disturbed by the war with *Prussia*. Education is expensive, the most expensive thing there is, that is worth while. The social laboratories in Europe have very large classes, most of the students will be more or less damaged by the course, and the expense will be crushing but—let us hope the lives and property will not be wasted.

Apropos the note in last week's issue concerning Dr. Rauschenbusch's disposition to wear crepe during the war, a Chicago worker sends us the following:

> One of Chicago's business men, who is greatly interested in humanity, but who does not wish his name known with the proposition as proposing the idea, suggests that a concerted printing in the daily papers of our country in mourning be made until the war in Europe has ceased.
>
> The gentleman who makes the suggestion is of the opinion that those who took part in the peace program on a recent Sunday at the Chicago Auditorium would take the matter up, and that much good might come of it.

The address of Graham Taylor of Chicago, the President of the National Conference of Federation and Correction, was on the "COUNTY," "A Challenge to Humanized Politics and Volunteer Co-operation," and it has been published in pamphlet form and is stuff for the enlightenment of citizens. Mr. Taylor's long contact with the Chicago problems and the near by view of Cook COUNTY administrations, gave him ample material for his address. The office of the National Conference is at 315 Plymouth Court, Chicago, and this and much more good informing matter can be obtained upon application.

The weekly bulletin of the Chicago Department of Health is a very modest little four-page leaflet, but it is good reading, opening up into a realm of poetry and hopefulness. The issue of October 17 shows that there is an increase of 23 per cent in the number of free public baths over the same month last year; 22 per cent fewer cases of communicable diseases during the nine months of this year than the same months of the preceding year; an increase of 60 per cent in the dairy farm inspections over the similar months of a year ago. There is an encouraging number of fines collected for violations of the Pure Food Law. The gospel of a clean life and a sound body is closely related to the gospel of a clean heart and a sound conscience.

"The Church and the City," by Paul Moore Strayer, is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet with covers that constitutes the thirty-fourth bulletin issued by the Department of Social and Public Service of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. It, like the preceding pamphlets, is published for free distribution and will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents per copy for postage. These thirty-four pamphlets would constitute a stimulating library for any preacher, teacher, parent or citizen. This last is a ringing call to the modern church. It is an eloquent argument that reaches the conclusion that the church has lost its hold upon the city because it has not summoned its members to suffer and to serve more heroically; so long as they mind the minor moralities the church has left them to pursue their selfish ends. We commend heartily this pamphlet to the pulpiteers. After it is studied let the minister preach a Christmas Preparation Sermon at as early a date as possible.

The following is a set of resolutions being promulgated by the Bible Class of the Methodist Church of Belleville, Kansas, alluded to in our note on the white bordered banner. We are glad to give it further publicity, not only because we believe it represents a righteous and a growing movement in the practical politics of our day, but also because it shows that a church can be not only good but good for something.

Let the spirit of the Kansas Methodist Bible Class spread:

WHEREAS, The subject of prohibition is nation wide, and can only be properly controlled by Federal legislation, in order that all the people may receive the benefit therefrom; and

WHEREAS, It is the sense of the Welfare Promoters, Organized Adult Bible Class, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Belleville, Belleville, Kansas, that this should be made an issue with men who seek the franchises of the voters to become members of the great law making bodies of our nation, to the end that such men should pledge themselves to work and vote for NATIONAL PROHIBITION; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we petition all Adult Bible Classes and kindred organizations, in the United States, to use their individual and collective influence and efforts to demand and receive from all such candidates, regardless of party affiliations, their word and pledge to work and vote for the submission of a constitutional amendment, to be ratified by the required number of states, prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages, within the territory of the United States.

Done by unanimous vote of the Welfare Promoters, Organized Adult Bible Class, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Belleville, at Belleville, Kansas, this tenth day of November, 1913.

It is reported that the Forestry Bureau of the Philippines recently invited bids for the cutting of some three hundred thousand acres of choice timber land in the public forest on the Island of Luzon. This is ghastly news to one who has lived through the wicked denudations of the great pine and other forests of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. The wealth of the nation and what ought to be the lasting resources of the laboring settlers have been looted recklessly for the benefit of individual exploiters of public wealth. There is a degree of reconciling information in the adjoining note from the Department which says: "Six thousand bushels of long pole pine seed are being collected this Fall in the Arapaho National Forests, to be used in re-forestation work next Spring." If the government would see to it that for every tree felled there is at least another tree planted within its boundaries, the United States would escape perchance the fate of Asia and that of much of Europe. Where now is barrenness, denuded forests and waste lands, was once a land of brooks, meadows and forests. It is slow work to reclaim desert lands, but science knows that it is easy work to preserve the fertility of the soil and the smile on the face of nature. It is said that the first water-power sawmill was built near the present site of Richmond in 1625, nearly three hundred years ago. What a bounty awaited the pioneer! How indispensable were the resources of the forest to the settler, and still how wasteful was the exploitation of that bounty, not so much by the settler as by the exploiter of the settler!

A Methodist pastor out in Kansas asks for instruction as to how to make a peace flag. He says:

In an Associated Press news item I notice reference to an American peace flag idea. I congratulate the man or movement that leads in any peace or moral movement today. We are interested in peace movements and would be glad to fly a peace flag. Are there official specifications as to the width of the white border? I fail to find a reference to such a flag in any books at hand and will greatly appreciate instruction. I have a bunch of men here who are trying to do practical things. I am enclosing a copy of resolutions that have been widely copied throughout the United States. We would be glad to have any organized Bible class or similar organization join us.

The question of this Kansas minister comes often to our table,—how to make a peace flag. Of all the peace emblems devised and circulated, to our mind the one most effective suggestion is that made several years ago by the American Peace Society that any national banner rimmed with white would be a peace flag; the center representing national loyalty and patriotism, the white border indicating love and loyalty to the whole world, the bond of brotherhood which unites the nations. The Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of UNITY, has been flying the white bordered banner and using it for indoor decorations ever since it was dedicated ten years ago come next Easter. Several of the public schools of Chicago have caught the spirit and taken the hint and fly the white bordered banner on all suitable occasions. We hope that others will go and do likewise, and eventually some enterprising "Flag House" will put the white bordered banner on the market in a line of "dry goods" reaching from a little buttonhole flag to the pole flag to fly from the top of the tallest Liberty Pole. If the three free sides of the flag are rimmed with a white border equal in width to the width of the stripes in the flag, the result will be symmetrical, practical, beautiful and educative. We are sorry to say that as yet such a flag cannot be bought ready made. It will have to be "ordered" or "home made." The Lincoln Centre flags are made by Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., 436 Wells Street, Chicago.

A movement is afoot with Miss Kate Devereux Blake as chairman of the committee to secure a mammoth petition addressed to the heads of the warring nations, signed by the children of the United States, begging them to cease their cruel slaughter. The president of the Board of Education of the City of New York has approved the project, and a systematic effort will be made to secure the signatures of all the school children in that city. It is hoped that the Boards of Education of Chicago and other cities will grant a similar petition, and that the newspapers in the several cities will take up the work. More than one hundred thousand signatures have already been obtained and Miss Blake reports that "Every mail brings new petitions and letters promising help from different parts of the country." Of course the committee realizes that this is an unusual procedure and that the cry of the little ones will have but little effect upon the directors of battlefields, but still the "Majesties" who wear crowns are human; they are a part

of that corporate entity already endowed with a larger amount of corporate consciousness than we can estimate. The cry of children will make the hundreds of thousands of the men and women lower down turn their tear-dimmed eyes pleadingly to those who sit on thrones, and this cry from without will make common cause with the yearnings of their own hearts. The committee believes that children are equally dear to all hearts in all lands, and they may raise their tender voices in appeal at this tragic moment; but be that as it may, the committee is quite right that the most important function of the petition is to teach the children of America the horror and stupidity of war. Of one thing we are sure, that the action of the Board of Education in the City of New York is one to be commended and copied. It would sometimes seem as though Boards of Education and superintendents of schools have conspired together to keep outside of the school walls all of the most effective means of training the spirit of the children into citizens. They guard so jealously the multiplication table and the "recitation" in grammar and geography that the children graduate from their schools with the connections between them and the body politic, their interest in the living men and women of their community, their sympathy with the over-worked and under-fed in their districts, unawakened. The noble men and women of their town who might have influenced their lives for the benefit of the state have been studiously kept out of their lives. All from fear that the "recitations" will be interfered with! At any rate we cheerfully print the whole petition and ask parents and teachers and preachers who see this to read it and as opportunity offers to present it to the children. Cut it out and paste it on paper. Get as many signatures as you can and then address it to the "Children's Peace Petition, New York City," and "Uncle Sam" will carry it to its proper destination. Contributions in money should be sent to Mrs. Haryot Holt Day, 101 W. Eighty-fifth Street, New York.

To His Majesty, THE EMPEROR AND KING OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.
To His Majesty, THE KING OF BELGIUM.
To His Excellency, THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.
To His Majesty, THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND EMPEROR OF INDIA.
To His Majesty, THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.
To His Majesty, THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.
To His Majesty, THE KING OF MONTENEGRO.
To His Majesty, THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

We, the undersigned, Children of America, plead with you the rulers of these great nations, to call for an immediate armistice, and to let the differences of the warring nations be submitted to the Hague Tribunal for amicable and just settlement, and to promise to adjust all future difficulties peacefully in the same way. We are the children and grandchildren of your former subjects, we are many of us tied by blood and affection to the soldiers now contending in their death struggle on different sides of this terrific combat; we implore you to stop the frightful slaughter, for to us it seems like savagery fighting against civilization. We beg this on the behalf of the helpless children of Europe and Asia who are being deprived of their fathers and their education, and are being irreparably degraded by the hideous conditions created by war.

The Distortions of Patriotism

Our table is loaded with the words of philosophers and moralists seeking to locate the responsibility for this regrettable war. Professor Munsterberg's book, the current number of the *Open Court* and much other material resent the implication that the "Kaiser brought on this war." With great learning and dignity and with a manifest attempt at fairness of spirit they show how circumstances beyond the control of the Kaiser or of the German people left them no other alternative. Our English exchanges, particularly the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, as well as the poets, preachers and academic men of England are equally sincere and equally able in their arguments that go to prove the innocence of England in this matter. They argue that the British call to the colors was a call in the interest of the unfortunate, in the interest of the integrities both individual and national.

The significant thing about all this is that pro-German and pro-Briton are right in their reasonings and high-minded in their conclusions, on the assumption that nations represent distinct and fixed entities subject to the conditions of life that beset an individual, and that their place in the world is determined by a survival of the fittest as tested by the force of arms. If there is such a thing as a "Slavic race" that threatens an "invasion of Europe," if there is such a thing as a "Germanic civilization" the very existence of which is dependent upon its power of resisting the encroachments of a something else that is known as "English civilization" or British morality, all these parties are right.

But they are all wrong because they start from a false premise. Geographical boundaries do not now and never have represented either race or national potencies. Morality, intelligence and efficiency refuse racial or political labels. What is most excellent in the history of Russia,—its Tolstoys, Kropotkins, its musicians and its painters and the hard-handed millions of toilers—is not Russian but universal. The same is true of Germany. Goethe and Schiller, Koch and even Zeppelin are fellow-countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton and Darwin, and they represent fixed elements in a civilization that cannot be demolished by cannon or routed by invading armies. Since the right of private property has been recognized by civilized powers as being independent of military triumphs or political encroachments, a victory does not add to the wealth of the victorious or a defeat rob the conquered of their property. The

only possibility left for the confiscation of private property is by capture on the high seas where the sanctity of such property failed of establishment at the last Hague Conference.

This internationalism is no fanciful dream of the moralist, no far-off promise of prophet or poet, but it is a realized fact throughout large areas of human life. Indeed, it may almost be said that it is realized everywhere except on the battlefield. Here in America down in dark mines, in rolling mills and cotton mills, out on the harvest fields of Dakota and Kansas, on trans-continental trains and in thousands of humble workshops, Teuton, Saxon and Slav, Gaul, Celt and Scandinavian work amicably together. They stand shoulder to shoulder in the industrial army. They eat out of the same dinner pails when necessary. They read from the same newspapers and, to a surprising degree, worship at the same altar.

Still more vague do these lines become in the academic world. There is no German chemistry, no British astronomy, no Russian mathematics. The conjugations of Greek and Latin verbs are the same to all modern students. The internationalism of scholars is such a realizable fact that even a patriotic bias under the severest stress is unable to mar the joys of culture. The universities of the world belong to one commonwealth. The "Republic of Letters" is no fiction.

There is one other sad truth to be enforced; there is an internationalism of vice. Crime is confined to no country and has in it the minimum of race characteristics. And this militarism, the crime of modern civilization, is the child of no one nation but of the blindness of all the European nations. This is no time for the pot to call the kettle black. The United States boasts of its neutrality, but it has contributed its full share to this malady of the twentieth century. When Captain Gridley fired the first shot at Manila Bay under the American flag, our republic fell into the false ambitions and coarse pretentions of monarchs. It became a member of that vulgar crowd that aspired to become a "World Power," a "Power" with a capital "P".

These scholars, writing from the peculiar standpoints of their respective nations, may with reason dispute about the *immediate* causes of this war. These are definite, perhaps local, anyhow they are matters of dispute. But the *remote* causes of these horrible wars are found deep rooted in the council chambers of all nations, our own included. Any investigation into the responsibility for the firing of the first gun promptly goes back into the question of who made the gun? For what was it made? Who diverted the constructive energies of the nineteenth century into these wanton wastes?

The present dire situation is sincerely lamented by the very forces that brought it about,—the crowned heads themselves, that are conscientiously directing the military movements of millions. "Above all nations is "Humanity" is the inscription which Goldwin Smith had engraved deep into the back of the granite bench which he caused to be erected on the campus of Cornell University as he was withdrawing from the professorship of that institution. As the virtues and graces rise above all national distinctions, so the vices, the brutalities and the wickedness of war lie beneath all nations.

The thinkers and writers referred to at the beginning of this editorial are like so many searchlights that concentrate the rays upon the objects in front, enabling the observer to see with distinctness even microscopic blots and blurs, but they leave the spectator in the dark. Behind the searchlight things become obscure and lines are confused.

Patriotism is demonstrating its malign influences in the thinking as well as in the fighting of these days. The twentieth cetury is offering a pathetic demonstration of the truth stated by George Eliot that "patriotism is the virtue of narrow minds," if not of the more drastic statement of Dr. Johnston that "patriotism is the last resort of knaves." Something higher than patriotism must lead our civilization out of this profound predicament. Internationalism is the strategic word by which the gospel of human brotherhood is to be realized. A fitting prayer for the representatives of all nations, we of the United States included, is the "Fool's Prayer," as interpreted by E. R. Sill:

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will, but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Thousands of gardeners and tobacco growers stand helpless in the presence of the cutworm, when a little effort would solve the difficulty. Poisoned bait will do the trick. Green clover cut up and sprayed with arsenate of lead will get them if scattered over the ground. So will a mixture of Paris green and bran made into a mash and left in small balls where the worms will find it. Fall plowing is a good preventive." —*Farm and Fireside.*

A Minister to His People

Many times it has been my privilege, after long weeks of separation, to send to you my word of greeting and of summons, but never before under conditions of such awful moment as exist today. When, but a short time since, we spoke our farewells to one another, we looked upon a summer as fair with promise as any that our generation has known. Now, as we prepare to meet again in grateful worship of the "one God and Father of all," we find ourselves facing the blackest prospect of storm and stress that all the wretched history of human ill can show. With a suddenness that smites the mind with confusion and the heart with terror, the world has been plunged into "the grievousness of war" as into the seething crater of a volcano. From end to end the continent of Europe is one vast conflagration of lust and hate; a hundred far-flung fires blaze in Asia, Africa and the islands of the seas; and over the Americas there hang the smoky clouds of economic disaster, social distraction and spiritual despair. Millions of men are at this moment engaged in mutual slaughter. Thousands of armed ships are sweeping the highways and havens of commerce, to capture, plunder and burn. The mightiest engines of destruction that fiendish ingenuity can devise are being set in motion, to reap to its last dread tare of misery, the hideous harvest of blood and iron. Famine and pestilence are again abroad. The dance of death begins anew. Civilization, with all the myriad interests of its industry, art, literature, religion, and social progress, is gone in one fell instant; and in its place is barbarism, with all its train of robbing, ravishing and killing. Wars have despoiled the earth ere this; blood has been spilled upon a thousand battlefields before now; Cæsars, Attilas and Napoleons have again and again achieved their dreadful handiwork. But never before, in all the history of mankind, has war been joined upon such a stupendous scale, been armed with such monstrously effective weapons, and threatened such incalculable slaughter and destruction. Already the losses of blood and treasure surpass anything suffered in the greatest conflicts of the past—and we are told that the struggle is but begun! What the end of this cataclysm of fire and sword will be—what nations will be swept away, what peoples ruined, what kings dethroned—no one of us, however wise, can say. That civilization, however deeply wounded, will actually perish, as some surmise, is doubtful. But that we are at this moment facing, in all its horror, one of the supreme calamities of history, is certain.

In such an unprecedented crisis, it is perhaps inevitable that we should be tempted to yield to utter despair. For what of all things that we have most implicitly believed and firmly trusted, still stands amid this flood of savagery? Where are the commercial interests that bind the nations in ties of mutual advantage? Where the schools and universities that unite men of every kindred in the quiet pursuits of science and philosophy? Where the international labor movement with its threat of a call to lay down tools as the answer to a call to take up arms? Where the churches with their age-old gospel of "peace on earth, good will among men?" What is civilization, that it avails nothing at this hour? What is religion, that it is impotent to still the devouring passions now raging through the world? What is God, that his holy will should be successfully defied by Emperor, Czar and Kaiser? We have talked much, in the days gone by, of progress, brotherhood, and peace. What now, in the lurid light of present events, do these things mean? Are they not manifestly "vanity of vanities," and shall we not be wise to abandon them forthwith?

Such is the temptation of this dread hour, and many there are who yield. But none of you, I trust, with whom it is my privilege to be associated as minister and friend! For seven years I have been preaching to you the gospel of Christ and serving with you the cause of his kingdom upon earth, but never, until the black darkness of this night of war engulfed the world, have I understood the need of this gospel and the worth of this cause. The ideals of our souls are as true today as ever. Justice, mercy and peace may be flouted, but not refuted. The horror of this hour proves nothing but that progress is not yet fulfilment, and that love has still its perfect work to do. If civilization fails it is because at its heart are the lusts of the flesh and not the aspirations of the spirit. If religion is impotent, it is because it has ever cared more for the bowed head than the pure heart. If God's will is not yet done upon the earth, it is because he is without witnesses numerous and brave enough to convince the minds and sway the hearts of men. The present situation is terrible beyond all that the world has ever known, but it registers not the defeat of the soul, but only the measure of that soul's need and opportunity.

Therefore, with a stronger faith in the truth of our ideals, a firmer conviction of the worth of our religion, a clearer realization of the need of our labors and our prayers, than I have felt in any previous period of my ministry, I summon you again, at this opening of our new year, to a new pledge of fellowship and service in the high things of the spirit. Never was there such a call for our great gospel of good will as there is today. Never was there such a time for the preaching of the message of brotherhood. Never was there such a demand for the doing of the work of love. Hatred and lust are ravaging the world. The brute passions of the jungle are loosed to do their worst. Barbarism is for the moment everywhere triumphant. Now if ever is our opportunity to reveal to men the iniquity of war, and, in the exhaustion which soon must come, turn them again forever to the pleasant paths of peace. The blood of battlefields, the flames of burning cities, the desolation of homes, the wounds of men, the tears of women, all these call to us day and night, from east and west alike, that, from this hour, wars and rumors of wars shall be no more. Far removed from the stress and agony of the conflict, ours is the task not only "to bind up the nations' wounds," but also "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." And in this we shall not fail, if our faith and zeal and consecration do but equal the full measure of the hour.

To deeper faith, to truer service, to gladder and fuller sacrifice, I call you, one and all! No time is this for dismay or faltering. "No stay" . . . but "on, on, on," as never before, to grander hopes and nobler triumphs of the spirit!

John Haynes Holmes.
Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Prime Duty of Woman Suffragists Today

There is one thing more important than Universal Suffrage. It is a chance to live and breathe free air. Voters this Summer have been as helpless as non-voters to secure this. All women hate war, but almost as much as men they have put their faith in Armed Peace. The world has studied everything except the easy, obvious way to keep men's latent deviltry from developing and exploding. This takes no miraculous change of human nature, but only one must begin in time. It is as easy as to prevent a Salem fire. Paris and Berlin never have such conflagrations because they prepared in time against them. Society is not helpless unless it stupidly blinds its eyes and lets its hands be tied. Three hundred and fifty millions of people who did not want to fight are now generating rancor, misery and degradation because they put every other interest before that of securing adequate safeguards against precipitate action before the sanity of civilization could assert itself.They marvelously organized world commerce and finance and most completely their military system which is now paralyzing all business and industrial organization. Not until the voter learns that every human organization depends on World Organization and takes the trouble to question legislators as to whether they will work for it, will suffrage save any people from possible destruction. If America does not learn the true lesson of this War of Fear, our women will share the common guilt and their children later reap another bloody harvest.

There is danger now that as we become accustomed to a new scale of horrors, we shall simply become so dazed with suffering as to have emotion atrophied and no facts seen in their right proportion. English and Americans are horrified over German atrocities. They have heard hardly anything of the cruelties committed by frenzied Belgians upon helpless German aliens in their midst or by Russians and Servians in the East. They do not know of the barbarities inflicted formerly by the French upon the Algerians, or by the Italians recently upon the Arabs. It is best to think of German atrocities only in the light of others in every land, and that we may see what war is among "Christians," and that, when civilization has failed to provide organization that keeps innate wickedness dormant, atrocities are to be expected. It is wholesome for Americans to remember the Coatesville horror a few years ago and that Pennsylvania never punished anyone for it, and to recall General Smith's order in the Philippines to "burn and kill, kill and burn," and to destroy all over ten years old, though not for a moment do these horrors mitigate the blood fury at Louvain.

Never have I dwelt upon the horrors of war and I never shall, but a generation has grown up that knows nothing of war between civilized people, and the hideous lesson must be taught that war is the sum of all crime, and some peoples are capable at times of acting like devils if society fails to provide checks in time. Let mankind in its agony not despair. What else could be expected when a million dollars have been spent to secure peace by armaments to every dollar spent in showing how to attain peace by co-operation. As soon as we are willing to use modern means we shall achieve results commensurate. It takes no miracle.

The women of every nation that now has its neighbor by the throat religiously stand by their men, all hating war, but absolutely convinced that their country has justice and righteousness on its side. The Austrian women are melting down their wedding rings to pay for bullets and are wearing iron ones. Women of all countries are praying and bravely sacrificing. English women intend to wear a white band, not a black one, in proud testimony of the glorious death of soldier sons and sweethearts; they are all ready to suffer now. Had they been as ready to think some years ago, to teach history as it ought to be taught, to guide thought in conversation and to inform the busy bread-winners of what they have little time to study as to those agencies which make for power through co-operation, not crude force, 1914 might not have seen civilization in unspeakable torment. It was too much to hope that women should see further than their men. But now, at least in privileged America, surely those who with me ask for the ballot must lead the women of the world in a new and Holy Crusade.

Let us besiege Washington as earnestly as we have there plead for suffrage, to permit of no more new armaments, at least until the War of Fear created by huge armaments is over. Let us insist in our elections this Autumn that our wise leader in the White House shall have a solid citizenship behind him during these critical times when he prepares to help in world peace measures.

Let us advance our cause by showing men that international interests are more vital to us than are our culture and amusements, and that we can understand the principle as well as they. Let us life up our voice and proclaim that the world's military system must be abolished. As English suffragists are now devoting themselves solely to relieve war widows, let American suffragists as a unit labor to end the possibility of more war widows.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

London, September 9, 1914.

WE WHO ARE GLAD.

We who are glad—let us join hands together,
And lift up to the sky our joyous rune,
We who have found our voyage of fair weather,
Whose years have been all June;
Let us life up our little singing tune,
We who are glad.

We who are glad, let us not still our singing,
But scatter any sweetness we may hold;
With both hands prodigally, gay, outflinging
Our heritage of gold.
We can bring sun to corners dark and cold—
We who are glad.

We who are glad of youth, and light, and living,
We are so glad—let us give gladness, then,
Lest we forget 'tis given for our giving
Again and yet again.
Let us give out our largest to all men,
We who are glad.

We who are glad—no harm can ever sear us—
No wound pierce through our armor, sinking deep;
For gloomy fates pass by us—see, they fear us.
They know the charm we keep.
For we change toil to singing, death to sleep,
We who are glad.

Youth's Companion. —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOUTH IN 1860: UNIONIST AND DISUNIONIST SENTIMENT.

Mr. Smith himself was a candidate for president of the United States in this fateful year, i. e., he received the nomination from a Convention of Reformers.

The Diary:

Aug. 29. Stephen S. Foster comes. 30. Frederick Douglas; T. B. McCormick of Ohio; also Mr. Gardner of Ohio; also W. S. Bailey of Kentucky, and Chas. A. Hammond of Broome County, come from the National Convention of yesterday in Syracuse. They inform me that I was put in nomination for President.

This is the last we hear of it from the recipient of the nomination. Neither in the Diary or in any letter is it ever referred to. The list of nominations that fell to Mr. Smith was an extended one. Most of them were declined, including, of course, this.

"Advanced" leaders at the South, seeing in Stephen A. Douglas, no true successor to the Pierce and Buchanan type of Northern presidents, but a man possessed of certain basic convictions which he would, under no circumstances surrender, took measures to sacrifice him. His defeat now, was in line with their plans. It meant, in all probability, the election of Lincoln. Lincoln's election would mean an immediate strengthening of the wish for separation. And as extremists were now ready to strike for independent existence, for empire, any event likely to work towards that end was to be desired.

Surprise is often expressed that general sentiment at the North was so indifferent, even oblivious to the extreme Southern attitude; seeing that secession was so commonly discussed. But for years there had been talk of secession and it had come to nothing. True, it looked exceedingly stormy after the votes were counted, in 1860, but threatened storms do not always break, and even in those votes there was much encouragement for those who wanted to believe in the preservation of the Union.

Every Southern ballot cast for Douglas, of course, was a vote for the continuance of the integrity of the nation; and so with every ballot cast for Bell. As for the Breckenridge ticket, the bolting convention which put him in nomination, was presided over by Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts; the speech placing him in nomination was made by Mr. Loring of the same state, who had as his colleague, B. F. Butler: and the platform was pronouncedly for the Constitution and the Union, as well as for the rights of the States.

It is true that, even before the election, preparations were going forward in South Carolina, looking for the "resumption of her original sovereignty": but South Carolina was not always taken quite seriously. She had engaged in this very sort of thing before and then had quieted down.

Going back a little over two years, as astute a politician as Mr. Seward, fancied he saw tokens of a more reasonable, teachable and receptive temper in the South. He writes to Gerrit Smith:—

Washington, March 31, 1858.

My Dear Sir:—

Accept my thanks for your kind approval. I hope you may live to number many more years and to witness the decline of that monstrous evil which we have resisted so long together.

I begin to have faith in the uprising of the masses. I have never before seen such indications of anxiety and desire to hear in the slave states. When we shall have trained the whole generation of the free states to principles of freedom, will they not carry those principles into their new homes? And where, under our flag, will they not make those homes?

Faihfully yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Seward had faith in the peaceful conquests of a superior (because free) civilization. Was it an altogether unfounded trust? Is it not true that, in the matter of actually settling up new territory, the South, hampered by slavery, was no match for the North? Had it not been tried out and proven in Kansas?

Seward's optimism with regard to the South, was ill-founded, as events turned out. Expecting to be named for president by the Republican party in 1860, and looking forward confidently to being elected, he believed, that, with himself in the Chief Magistrate's chair, the South would be pacified. There seems no reason for thinking that secession would have been any less promptly resorted to than it actually was, in case he had been made president. But, as will presently appear, his trust in the South was not wholly an infatuation.

There were abolitionists who were hopeful too, even up to the very verge of national disruption; witness this very noble letter from Lydia Maria Child to Gerrit Smith:—

Wayland, Nov. 13th, 1860.

Mr. Smith,

Dear Sir.

Your kind letter was very welcome; for you and your excellent wife have always been treasured in my heart with affectionate respect. Every year that I live, I feel a deeper sympathy with the poor and the oppressed, and a more earnest desire to work for them, while my strength lasts. And towards all who feel the same, I cherish love and gratitude.

I am sorry you should have paid me for my Tracts. I sent them to you to be used for the good of the cause in which we both love to labor.

The West India Tract I adapted expressly to the *South;* and for that reason I purposely avoided making any allusion to slavery in the United States. My hope was, that if nothing was said to irritate them, or rouse their prejudices some of them might be induced to consider the facts candidly. I have superscribed with my own hand, over a thousand which I have sent, post paid to slave-holders; and I expect to send above five hundred more.

John C. Underwood gave me the Post Office addresses of about two hundred people in Virginia; and Mattie Griffith helped me to a good many in Kentucky. I consulted the American Almanac and sent to all the Governors, Lt. Governors, Judges, etc. I have likewise sent it to the editors of all the Southern papers I could hear of; and to the Presidents of all their colleges. If the abolition of slavery is through a *Red* sea; I am resolved it shall not be my fault.

I believe in the superior excellence of moral influence, and feel conscientiously bound to exert it to the utmost.

If you happen to know the Post Office addresses of any Southerners, men or women, I shall feel much obliged to you if you will make out a list for me. The present time seems to be very favorable for working in the cause. John Brown and the late election have ploughed up the whole country, and we ought to be diligent in casting in seed.

With great love and respect for you both, I am

Most cordially your friend and co-laborer,

L. MARIA CHILD.

P. S. Mr. Child unites with me in respect and good wishes.

Thirty-seven days from this letter of beautiful spirit, South Carolina passed an ordinance of Secession!

The title of the tract referred to by Mrs. Child, is

The Right Way the Safe Way
Proved By
Emâncipation in the British West Indies and Elsewhere.

And it bears on its title page this sentiment attributed to Dr. Davy:—

The world is beginning to understand, that injuring one class for the immediate benefit of another, is ultimately injurious to that other; and that to secure prosperity to a community, *all* interests must be considered.

It is a decidedly important contribution to the history of West Indian slavery and the abolition of it.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1860. GIDDINGS, LINCOLN.

Standing wholly outside party lines, holding loyally to his purpose, fixed years before, not to support any organization which acknowledged any law for slavery, Gerrit Smith was debarred from acting with the Republicans in 1860. He was, however, deeply interested in the fortunes of the party, followed closely the pre-conventon discussions as to candidates and was convinced that, in the outcome, the strongest man had been chosen as the presidential candidate at Chicago. He writes to his friend Giddings:—

Peterboro, June 2, 1860.

My dear friend.

On my return from Oswego I find your very welcome letter. I am very glad you went to Chicago. Had you not gone there, the best thing in the platform would not have been in it. I am glad, too, that you took your hat and walked out of the hall, for this had, no doubt, great effect in bringing the convention to their senses and in preparing the way for Curtis to succeed with your Amendment.

Seward is a very able man. But so also, is Lincoln; and he will, I have no doubt, get a greater vote than Seward could have got. I have read in the newspapers what Lincoln said, so wisely and sublimely, of the Declaration of Independence. I feel confident that he is in his heart, an abolitionist. Nevertheless, I suppose that I shall not be able to vote for him, still clinging, as I do, to my old purpose not to vote for any man who knows a law for slavery. Lincoln will be President and his victory will be regarded by the South, as an abolition victory—not less so than if you yourself were elected President.

The allusion in the second paragraph of the above letter, is to an incident of great importance in the fixing of the party attitude, if it was to continue to be, as in its first national campaign it had been, the "Party of Great Moral Ideas." Mr. Giddings, who had written one of the strongest planks in the Philadelphia Republican convention, of 1856, fearing that the platform at Chicago might fall below the exigent standard established at first, sought, as one of the delegates, a place on the committee on resolutions. He failed to be named on the committee. This of itself, was evidence that a very influential element in the convention was intent on a "safe" platform, not too outspoken on the subject of equality of human rights. But indeed, there was much in the personnel of the convention that testified to the same thing. The party had already begun to suffer from its successes. Many old Whigs had come into it because they had nowhere else to go, and were not in any too deep sympathy with its avowal of moral principles; who indeed, regarded any radical expression of such principles as quixotic and impractical. Added to these were numerous recruits who were attracted by the promise of victory, which to them meant the possibility of sharing in the spoils of office. A third contingent was made up of men who felt, that as the times were propitious for the success of the party, success must not be jeopardized in any way.

The platform as reported from the committee was significantly non-committal, sure enough, as to those elementary truths of free government which had been so prominently put forward at Philadelphia, four years previously. As soon as the reading of the resolutions had been completed, Mr. Giddings took the floor and offered an amendment in the words of the first plank of the Philadelphia convention; as follows:—

Resolved—That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions: and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Three delegates opposed the proffered Amendment and no one seconded it. It was after this traitorous silence (a refusal to re-affirm the Declaration of Independence can be truthfully characterized by no milder word) that Mr. Giddings "took his hat and walked out of the hall." A group of earnest men at once surrounded him and he was urged to take the initiative in calling a second convention, inviting men to join in it who were not afraid to take such risks as there might be in siding with right explicitly.

But just after Mr. Giddings' departure, George William Curtis entered the wigwam. He was astonished and grieved to learn that the convention had refused to consider the Giddings Amendment, and securing the floor, he offered it again, supporting it with his own inimitable eloquence. It was seconded by Mr. Nye, a fellow delegate from New York, and being put to vote was triumphantly adopted.

Mr. Smith expresses his opinion of Lincoln again, in a letter to Mr. Giddings a month and a half later.

Hon. J. R. Giddings. Peterboro, July 17, 1860.

My dear friend:—

You speak of Lincoln. He is a very strong man, and I believe an honest and independent man. But his heart seems never to have felt the claims of the poor slave. I believe with you that he will be elected and that he will make the best President we have had since J. Q. Adams.....

Late in the year, and after the election, Mr. Giddings paid a visit to Lincoln, with whom he had "messed" in Washington, during Lincoln's one term in Congress. The letter to Mr. Smith, in which he describes this visit, is of real interest.

Hon. Gerrit Smith. Jefferson, Dec. 24, '60.

My Dear Friend.

I should like to converse with you half an hour. Events are rapidly transpiring. We live at an eventful period. The political parties will never reappear in the form they once existed. The adoption of definite principles by the Chicago Convention was a most fortunate incident of the times.

I think I promised to let you hear from me after I saw Lincoln. He and his lady were old acquaintances. I visited them at their fireside and had a pleasant visit, recounting old adventures and old politicians.

I met him the next day in a circle of his friends at his business room. I told him my business was not to ask office for myself or my personal friends but to say, in the name of that class of Republicans who had long toiled in the political field, that we hoped and expected that *three* mem-

bers of his cabinet would be taken from the radical portion of the Republican party.

It was asked me whether I intended by radical men, those who denied the constitutionality of the Fugitive act. I replied I did. I stated that we did not pretend that the conservatives should be excluded, but that the radicals should be fully represented; with a perfect confidence that if represented, the administration would be radical.

We discussed all these questions in the presence of Lincoln, he listening but saying little. I stated to them my object in wishing them to be present, that I desired to say nothing but what I should willingly have transferred to history.

Now sir, do not understand me as saying anything from Mr. Lincoln, or by his authority; but I speak my own views when I say he will, in the most perfect good faith, endeavor to carry out the doctrines of the Republican platform. That his cabinet will represent different phases of the Republican party, but he will take no member from any other party.

The question of the Fugitive Slave law he regards the only one that can arise in the party. On that he will, I think, endeavor to unite all in favor of the repeal of the present law. And if any new one be passed it will probably contain a clause protecting our colored men at the North while visiting Southern States. That will render the whole obnoxious to the South.

But from present indications, I think all these minor questions are to be swallowed up in the maelstrom of secession.

For if the slave states secede, they will not ask us to catch their slaves. I am inclined to think your prediction in regard to bloodshed will prove true; but I am more than ever confident that the day of emancipation must come; but (as Mr. Adams said), "whether it come in blood or in peace, I know not: but whether in blood or in peace, *Let it Come.*"

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Birney and Greene. Very truly,

J. R. Giddings.

Gerrit Smith to J. R. Giddings (Extract):—

Peterboro, Dec. 28, 1860.

I have for months regarded secession as certain. The Gulf States all wish to secede. The other slave states will be dragged into secession. Missouri and Delaware will not secede—and perhaps not Maryland—though I fear she will.

I wish, with all my heart that Mr. Lincoln might have the wisdom to call you or Mr. Sumner into the Cabinet.

RAIN SONGS.

There is music in the lyric rain—
I love its rapturously wild refrain
That echoes down the summer-haunted lane.

O golden orchestra! Repeat your tune
Through all the singing corridors of June,
In the green hush of the soft afternoon,

And I will listen to the leaves' delight
Clapping their joy from many a wind-blown height,
Till falls the velvet curtain of the night.

II.

I wandered through the rain
Upon a windy road;
The lights were far away,
And distant my abode.

But the clean rain came down
And kissed me on the brow;
I said: "I am not troubled,
I am not weary now."

For something in the rain
Soothes us when we faint;
It hushes our despair,
Hushes the heart's complaint.

The merciful, good rain
From heaven's great bowl is poured,
Each drop a healing angel
Descending from the Lord!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

From Smart Set, October, 1914.

My Library—No. XVII.

A book that most wonderfully increased and clarified my interest in the life and sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, was "The Gospel History, by Gilmore and Abbott," a book that I used for several seasons in connection with my teaching of Bible Classes. This History was "woven from the best of the four Evangelists," and had an abundance of notes that to my mind were as truly elucidative of the spirit and work of Jesus, as they were stimulative of one's own thought and aspiration. In time, I fell into the habit of illustrating this volume with every suitable picture that I could find, and also of inserting short pointed valuable extracts from sermons, essays, etc. In this way, I am sure I became much more familiar with the inner motive and character of the Divine Man's life than would otherwise have probably ever been revealed to me.

In fact, I cannot say too much of the help which this unique volume ultimately gave me. Reading His Life entirely through thus consecutively, and as presented in such an unpartisan and unperverted way, it seemed to me that always I was getting closer and closer to an exalted personality of an intensely human kind, one that had lived and aspired and hoped and worked and been thwarted and had succeeded, in just about the same proportion that human beings according to their comparative values usually experience; and whose end had confirmed once more, and as elsewhere and always, the absolute worth of living for principle, and even of dying for it, when necessary. It released me entirely from the necessity of regarding the nature and work of Jesus as materially different from that of others of the great Divine fellowship. He stood out indeed as my elder brother, and drew me to his side as an undoubted "joint heir." What he lived, I was living, substantially. What he suffered, so did I suffer. What he lived and died for, so was I living for; and, might have to die for, so far as I could see into the divine purpose. The betterment even unto salvation of the race, beginning long before his time, and receiving an immense impulse from him, and helped on by every just man made perfect ever since, has as yet been but partially effected. As he had his work to do, so have I and all others of the household their own work to do. In the end, we shall all have done credit, and shall be given credit, just according to our motive, our strength and skill, our hope and our fidelity and devotion. Jesus of Nazareth became through the revelation of this Book my own fellow laborer in the vineyard, where through all the generations to come new workers and new gleaners and new Saviors will ever and ever be needed, and likewise will ever be glorified, as well.

Perhaps it was owing to my thus getting a clearer view of the significance of such words as, "Hitherto hath the Father worked and now I must work," "I have fulfilled the work that he gave me to do," etc., that forever, seemingly, made it impossible for me to enjoy reading many works that are considered preeminently "religious," even while being preeminently literary, as well. Thus it has been, and still is, in respect of, for instance, Dante, even as it has been with others, notably Thomas A'Kempis, John Henry Newman, and the like. While I have liked always

to read about them, yet to read in them to any extent, especially where their more personal interests or introspections are presented, has always been disappointing. There is a certain note in them that to me seems like sycophancy, especially in both A'Kempis and Newman, that I cannot make myself like, try as I may. Especially do I feel this when I read at length in Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," and this in spite of the fact that this book is said authoritatively to be "a religious autobiography of unsurpassed interest." True, I have found in it unbounded interest. but found this rather in the peculiar psychology of the subject than in his religion. So also do I find exceedingly great interest in the "Imitation" of A'Kempis, although this saint does not so seriously attract me as does Newman, often. In fact, however, when I compare these worthies with such mystics even as Eckhart, and Tauler, on the one hand, or with such practical reformers as Luther, or Erasmus, or Sir Thomas More on the other, neither of them have ever yet been capable of giving me anything so very worth while, at least when in what may be called their deepest devotional mood. To me, they have appeared as if certain ecclesiastical and dogmatic preconceptions had always so stood between their souls and the Father-Soul which they essay to commune with, that they have really missed experiencing very much indeed of the very soul-stirrings that they should have felt. They both seem to lack the genuinely childlike faith of St. Francis, for instance: while as for their own peculiar "faith," especially, they seem always to have been building some kind of scaffolding for its transforation or repair, which certainly too much obscures one's vision of their better life, if such they had. Even some of the rationalized teachers of today very frequently present more evidence of a real spirituality than I have ever been able to discover in either of these "unfathomables."

And all this applies even more strictly to what I have been able as yet to find in Dante, even though he himself does say that his "own mode of treatment is poetic, fictive, descriptive, digressive, transumptive, and withal definitive, divisive, probative, improbative, and positive of examples"; the results of meditating seriously upon whatever I have thus far read in him have been,

"Even as the flame of unctious things is wont
To move upon the outer surface only,"

neither especially instructive, nor entertaining, nor inspiring!

Nor do I feel much better satisfied when I read Lowell's claim that Dante "is the first and only Christian poet," one whose whole system of thought is colored in every finest fibre by a purely Christian theology," and whose ideal is seen to be "the enlightening and strengthening of that native instinct of the soul which leads it to strive backwards towards its Divine source, and may sublimate the senses till each becomes a window for the light of truth and the splendor of God to shine through." Here I find myself balking at the idea of the soul's striving "backwards towards its Divine source"; I much rather respond to the promptings to strive *forwards* along with its Divine energizings, to whatever final result they may lead. And so, too, when I read that "Dante is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form," and has "made us feel how petty the ambitions, sorrows, and vexations of earth appear when looked down on from the heights of our own character and the seclusion of our own genius, or from the region where we commune with God"; or, that Dante "has done far more; he has shown us the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling-place and fortress of our nature, instead of being the object of its vague aspiration in moments of indolence"; I still have to say, "I do not respond as so many other wiser and better natives profess to do. In fact, I still do not find in Dante, any more than in A'Kempis or Newman, the note that calls me to God, or the guide that persuasively leads me to Him." The fact is, *in toto,* that I do not find their schemes of symbolisms and pessimisms and exuberant moanings and unmanly pettifoggings, other than about as useless as unchristian, at least in the sense that Jesus himself spake as a Christian, lived as a Christian, and died as one. As I read His words and still read them, with as little prepossession or bias as possible, I do not find in them any particular foundation for the cloying worship of A'Kempis, the narrowing "grammar of assent" of Newman, or for the "circle upon circle" that is portrayed in Dante. If any such theological conceptions are to be taken seriously, at all, then I seem to need that they be kept clear from the poetry that confuses and the sycophancy that disgusts, and be allowed to stand on their own merits and accorded corresponding a()plaine, and this alone.

Perplexing too, have been my experiences with the works of Emanuel Swedenborg. Here is a writer that has been an unfailing well of spiritual life to some of the best people I have ever known. One of these in particular, a very dear friend, the late Professor Joseph W. Ellis, bore such unclouded witness of this, that I eagerly tried to read as he suggested, in order, perchance, that I might too be similarly illuminated and corrected. But with every attempt to read, save in "Divine Love and Wisdom" and "The True Christian Religion," I most miserably failed to reap the benefit anticipated. In these two volumes, however, I have always found much that has edified and inspired. My volume of "Divine Love," a legacy from my friend's own library, is one of the choicest accessions to my own. Reading in it brings not only much of its own undoubted worth, but the even greater worth of the wealth of most beautiful memories of him who loved it so well, and exemplified its teachings so reverently and explicitly. To these I gladly add another volume, made up not of Swedenborg himself, but of sermons by the late Rev. Chauncey Niles and other ministers of his "New Church," also given me by Professor Ellis, and thus find My Library holding a "much in little" of religious instruction and encouragement and satisfaction that I would indeed be loth to part with. Of the New Church as an organization, I know and have seen very little. Of some of those who know and love and practice its doctrines, I can say I have never met better types of religionists or of well-developed humanity anywhere.

To the late John White Chadwick and his equally useful contemporary, Minot J. Savage, My Library is indebted for much that every library needs. Their Sermons as issued from their "Pulpits" were a weekly support for years. Now gathered into volumes they continue to radiate the benign influence of two of the

sweetest, most helpful spirits that have ever come into my life. With these must of course be included Robert Collyer—the verimost embodiment of poetical religion in all the land, whose every published utterance has been for me always vibrant with the sweetest harmony imaginable. To the little volume symprimlts named "The Faith that Makes Faithful," by William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, I scarcely know how to express either the method of its sure help or my unceasing gratitude for it. The list of its very Contents are worth working into a Rosary to be worn about the heart. "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," and all the others—what ennoblement, what inspiration, what invitation, what benediction, is here! My Library has one of the "twenty-ninth thousand." I sincerely hope and pray that some other may possess the millionth, sometime: for the world needs it, unto every land.

Saying this reminds me of another, the late Professor William N. Clarke, and his great book, "Outline of Christian Theology." I had many times tried to read works on Theology but had failed of getting anything out of them worth while. I confess that when another friend, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, gave me Dr. Clarke's work, I approached it with trepidation lest my beautiful loving fellowship with the man himself would be marred by possibly less beautiful conceptions of God and his dealings with men. But how happy was the real outcome, only those can guess, who themselves have read this work after having tried others of the class. I had known Dr. Clarke to be intelligent, transparent, devoted, loyal and open. But I had not surmised at all the skill that could enable him to put all this into a formal treatise on Theology; and consequently I was greatly and gladly surprised when I found the book to reflect the man so comprehensively and so distinctively. The library of every reading man should have this volume, as a guide that is reliable, an instruction that is full, and an inspiration that misleads not. Nor can it well leave out Dr. Clarke's other books, especially "My Sixty Years With the Bible," which recounts so suggestively his own struggles with the Good Book, until finally he came to see clearly what it really meant to him, and might mean to everyone.

So I seem to have found out thus far that a "religious book" is helpful, just to the extent to which it universalizes one's aims, aspirations, activities and expectancies, and lifts one out from the sordidness and littleness and hopelessness of ordinary life into the glories and prospects of the spiritual life. Such a book insinuates its elevating influences far down into one's inner selfhood, and these act as a renewal of spirit, blessed beyond prediction. Hence it is that often books that are not designedly religious are of much more value to the growing soul than is expected. Certain authors seldom if ever write anything that does not in some respect touch one vitally. Thus, Wordsworth, Robert Browning, Whittier, among the poets, and Carlyle, Emerson and Royce and James, among prose writers—but why further name the obvious—are of this type, and invaluable as religious inspirers and instructors. Of late years, the world has similarly become a large debtor to the "Essays" of Arthur Christopher Benson. Here too is a spirit that has been so observant, so careful of record, and so eloquent of the innermost life, that one yields confidently to what he says, almost without reserve, and is glad that so much of one's most serious self has been thus "written up," as if for one's own clearer comprehension and consideration. It would be amiss to attempt to indicate just where and how these bits of religious self-revelation can be discovered in Benson's books. But one has only to read on and on, even in most desultory fashion, and, before one is aware, the flash of revealment shows "one as one is," often in some of the most important aspects.

Valuable, however, as Benson is for flashes of religious self-revelation, this is not the most important thing about his books, at least as I myself have gleaned from them. Here and there, everywhere in fact, even in his most definitely revealing moods of depressive pessimism, there shine out such rays of goodly cheer, convincing courage and real soul strength, that one is apt quietly but very forcibly to feel a constraining uplift, in every recollection of which there are again found elements of permanency, all unexpected and not before fully admitted Moreover such is the quality of Benson's instruction and inspiration that a sitting with him becomes always thus a matter of transformation into something better, while his courageous delvings into the deepest depths of his own life is apt to lead one to attempt something of the kind not unto dissatisfaction so much as unto the expectancy that good rather than evil may be found in corresponding depths of one's own. For a real soul visit now and then, for a religious companionship that deepens and prospers, a book of A. C. Benson's should be at hand for instant opening. In cheerful mood, or perplexed, or ill or sorrowful; in one's strongest moments, or when most yielding or childish; in the quiet, or with friends; at home or away from home—everywhere and at all times, there is always something to be had in them that is satisfactory.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

ABOUT NAMES.

"Leucànthemum Vulgáre"—oh, you have a long name, too,
You poor, dear little Daisy! I can sympathize with you.
Does not your head feel heavy with that dreadful name to hold,
And don't you feel, Leucànthemum Vulgáre, very old?
I do, when people call me by the name they think is sweet,
And love to murmur over,—"Gladys Constance Marguerite."

And then, when you've been naughty, does your daisy-mother say,—
"Leucànthemum Vulgáre!" in a stern, reproachful way?
I know about it, Daisy, for mamma has often said,—
"Now, Gladys Constance Marguerite, go right upstairs to bed!"
And then I know I'm very bad, for that's my punish-name;
Oh, Daisy dear, do you suppose all mothers do the same?

But I love best to think of you as *Daisy*, for you see
That's my pet name, the very same my friends have given me.
And we are twinnies, are we not? For both of us have woes,—
About our long, long punish-names,—that no one ever knows.
They may be "grand" and "dignified" and "sweet" and all the rest,
But we love always—don't we?—our Daisy-names the best!

—Abbie Farwell Brown in "A Pocketful of Posies."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BISHOP HENRY ROWLAND.

Born, 1551—Died, 1616.

(*Continued*)

A short time before his death, Bishop Rowland arranged to have two alabaster busts, one of Bishop Vaughan and one of himself, to be placed side by side in a portrait niche in the north wall of the cathedral chancel. These were totally destroyed by the Puritanic hotheads of Cromwell. In 1720 Bishop Rowland had an inscription carved in Latin on black granite and placed between the two busts. But, by this day, it has been removed, and no one knows whereto, because of the carelessness of the keeper of the cathedral in times gone by.

The inscription, as found in the book of Brown Willis is as follows:

D. O. M.

(In memory of the Right Reverend Henry Rowland, late Bishop of Bangor, who died on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1616. His age, 65. Doctor of Holy Theology.)

S. G. D.

(Herein is buried one to whom Llyn gave birth, Oxford his knowledge, and Bangor his throne. Wife, clergymen and friends weep for the life that has been ended. O, day of Woe!)

Such epitaphs were common in those days.

It seems that the health of the bishop had not been good during the last few years of his life. We find that King James sanctioned him to be absent from Parliament "because of his illness and the poverty of his bishopric."

Bishop Henry Rowland died July 6, 1616, in about two months after arranging the fore-mentioned memorial to his kinsman and friend. They were united in life and not parted in death.

The Bishop was buried in the northeast corner, in front of the cathedral altar, close to the graves of Bishops Meyrick and Glynn, according to a request expressed in his will. A brass tablet was placed on his gravestone. Though the gravestone has been destroyed, the brass tablet is nailed on the wall of the southern wing of the cathedral.

There is no account whatever of his work as a Bishop during the sixteen years of his stay in Bangor. It is surmised that the cathedral, when he came to Bangor, was in a state of considerable decay, following the incumbency of Bishop Vaughan, and that he caused many repairs to be made. He issued a stirring appeal for donations to rebuild portions of the church, reminding the curates of their obligations to pay certain sums for the same. This appeal is dated May 17, 1611. The following testimony by Bishop Humphreys (1648-1712) says that Bishop Rowland was "a most excellent man, very charitable and conscientious, and much more careful of his bishopric than any of his successors, and than any of his predecessors."

Many donations of Bishop Rowland were made toward repairing church buildings, and to the poor people of several parishes, charities which were always coupled with arrangements to provide for their spiritual welfare also. His charities extended to Jesus' College of Oxford, etc.

A splendid monument of his good heart and good name was that of establishing "The Free Grammar School" of Bottwmog, his native parish, established, as he said in his will, "for the glory of God and the good of the place where he was born, as a service of his faith and the fruit of his occupation," etc.

This school proved to be a practical blessing to a strictly Welsh neighborhood, where its young men could be taught good English. At first the rectors of Bottwmog were its chief instructors. For 300 years it was a real free school to the son of any tradesman, laborer or tenant. But today only the sons of the well-to-do farmer, the successful shop-keeper, or some "important person," can afford to pay for their instruction. WILLIAM APMADOC.

A CASE OF GRAVITY

The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window. A kind-hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question, "Dear, dear! How did you fall?"

The child looked up at the questioner and replied, in a voice choked with sobs, "Vertically, ma'am."—*Tit-Bits.*

PIUS TENTH.

The more one reads about the late Pope the stronger is the impression received of saintliness and deep integrity of his character. In some particulars he seemed to be behind his times, but in most particulars he was far ahead of them. Considering what he was, how humble, how simple, how devout, how wonderfully detached from worldly ambition either for himself or his relatives, it is extraordinary that he should have reached the remarkable elevation that he did. The fact that such a man should have come to fill such a place is fit to give encouragement not only about the Roman Catholic Church, but about all churches. For there was no place in the Church, Catholic or Protestant, wherein the qualities of Pius X would not have told. They were the great qualities that win in his profession.—E. S. M. —*Life.*

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Urbaine Fire Insurance Company of Paris, France, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New and Ohio	$ 300,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 307,972.53
Interest and dividends	12,724.78
Received from home office	536,146.57
Total income	$ 856,843.88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 91,248.57
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	375.03
Commissions or brokerage	100,904.73
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	1,018.94
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	2,101.31
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	1,992.65
Other licenses, fees and taxes	349.05
Remittance to home office	9,074.46
Total disbursements	$ 207,064.74

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$ 551,663.37
Cash in office and bank	50,594.94
Agents' balances	52,968.46
Other ledger assets	3,967.09
Total ledger assets	$ 659,193.86

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	$ 7,924.02
Gross assets	$ 667,117.88

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances over three monts due	$ 22.61	
Book value, bonds over market value	17,205.60	
		17,228.21
Total admitted assets		$ 649,889.67

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid	$ 44.78	
Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	24,940.49	
Total	$24,985.27	
Deduct re-insurance	6,266.81	
Net amount of unpaid losses		$ 18,718.46
Total unearned premiums		197,319.10
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		2,000.00
Commissions and brokerage		4,923.77
Total liabilities		$ 222,961.33

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$3,317,893.00
Total premiums received during the year	35,217.11
Total losses incurred during the year.	5,812.59

FRED S. JAMES & Co., *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of January, 1914.

FRED S. BLOSSOM, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Yorkshire Insurance Company of York, England, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 310,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 496,260.21
Interest and dividends	27,855.69
Received from home office	12.51
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	500.00
Total income	$524,628.41

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 189,765.33
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	3,088.86
Commissions or brokerage	117,193.64
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	50,362.60
Rents	3,704.01
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	11,041.27
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	5,128.76
Underwriters' boards, fire departments and salvage corps, fees, etc.	10,391.63
Inspection and surveys	1,029.87
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	9,464.07
Other licenses, fees and taxes	1,090.46
All other disbursements	3,535.86
Remittance to home office	730.52
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	320.95
Total disbursements	$ 406,847.83

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds		$ 695,850.00
Cash in office and bank		116,105.85
Agents' balances		101,808.59
Total ledger assets		$ 913,764.44

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued		$ 8,152.08
Other non-ledger assets		8.84
Gross assets		$ 921,925.36

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances over three monts due	$ 729.77	
Book value, bonds over market value	4,610.00	
Other unadmitted assets	50.00	
Special deposits to secure liabilities in Georgia	9,700.00	15,089.77
Total admitted assets		$ 906,835.59

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid	$ 5,703.49	
Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	35,834.98	
Losses resisted	1,250.00	
Total	$42,788.47	
Deduct re-insurance	17,845.90	
Net amount of unpaid losses		24,942.57
Total unearned premiums		371,748.13
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		8,500.00
Total liabilities		$ 405,190.70

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$3,204,834.00
Total premiums received during the year	34,721.17
Total losses incurred during the year.	9,715.97

FRANK & DU BOIS, *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of January, 1914.

THEO. L. BEH, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the Globe Fire Insurance Company of Huron, in the State of South Dakota, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$100,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	166,255.93
Interest, rents and dividends	7,014.15
From all other sources	31,991.59
Total income	$205,261.65

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 63,669.82
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	246.90
Dividends to stockholders	8,000.00
Commissions or brokerage	38,149.43
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	23,315.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	2,191.70
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	730.77
Loan expenses	85.25
State insurance departments, taxes and fees	2,883.90
All other disbursements	2,936.61
Total disbursements	$142,209.38

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 9,600.00
Mortgage loans on real estate	148,304.00
Book value of bonds and stocks	39,700.00
Cash in office and bank	82,788.62
Agents' balances	12,079.91
Bills receivable	4,199.19
Other ledger assets	2,568.69
	$299,240.41
Less ledger liabilities, deferred commissions	433.39
Total ledger assets	$298,807.02

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest due and accrued	$ 4,692.00
Gross assets	$303,499.02

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Furniture, etc.	$ 934.05	
Agents' balances over three months, due	2,407.90	
Bills receivable and loans on personal security	1,148.47	
		4,490.42
Total admitted assets		$299,008.60

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid	$8,461.37	
Deduct re-insurance	30.00	
Net amount of unpaid losses		$ 8,431.37
Total unearned premiums		62,105.90
Taxes, etc.		2,522.23
Other liabilities		500.00
Total liabilities		$ 73,559.50

NO BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

H. C. SHOBER, *President.*
W. N. FARMER, *Secretary.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of March, 1914.

ETHEL C. SMITH, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Western Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 312,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$1,582,757.54
Interest and dividends	93,955.33
Received from home office	218,571.43
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	90.00
Total income	$1,895,374.30

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 911,123.15
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	13,359.54
Commissions or brokerage	359,361.33
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	148,194.53
Rents	7,364.05
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	29,885.75
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	8,689.29
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	23,999.16
Inspection and surveys	4,712.02
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	38,490.43
Other licenses, fees and taxes	12,206.60
All other disbursements	1,806.89
Remittance to home office	158,555.13
Agents' balances charged off	1,902.67
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	2,715.05
Total disbursements	$1,722,365.59

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$1,929,883.85
Cash in office and bank	451,878.68
Agents' balances	260,047.55
Bills receivable	696.86
Other ledger assets	2,806.47
Total ledger assets	$2,645,313.31

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	20,396.67
Other non-ledger assets	14,867.37
Gross assets	$2,680,577.35

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Supplies, printed matter, stationery, furniture, etc.	$ 2,806.47	
Agents' balances over three months due	13,273.99	
Bills receivable and loans on personal security	80.00	
Book value, bonds and stocks over market value	86,251.46	
Special deposits to secure liabilities in Virginia and California	136,080.00	
		238,491.92
Total admitted assets		$2,442,085.43

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	$204,959.89	
Losses resisted	13,557.00	
Total	$218,516.89	
Deduct re-insurance	50,950.00	
Net amount of unpaid losses		167,566.89
Total unearned premiums		1,327,882.57
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.		24,941.36
Commissions and brokerage		3,885.94
Total liabilities		$1,524,276.76
Less liabilities secured by special deposits		98,358.91
		$1,425,917.85

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$8,329,053.00
Total premiums received during the year	82,036.28
Total losses incurred during the year.	38,146.41

W. B. MEIKLE, *U. S. Manager.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1914.

JOHN H. HUNTER, *Notary Public.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the United States branch of the Warsaw Fire Insurance Company of Warsaw, Russia, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital in New York and Ohio	$ 300,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 616,397.98
Interest and dividends	36,404.27
Total income	$ 652,802.25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 346,496.07
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	4,239.76
Commissions or brokerage	172,404.63
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes.	525.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	99.25
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	250.00
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	370.57
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	4,206.44
All other disbursements	30,855.90
Total disbursements	$ 559,447.62

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$ 938,854.34
Cash in office and bank	23,519.90
Agents' balances	83,585.86
Total ledger assets	$1,045,960.10

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	$ 10,529.14
Gross assets	$1,056,489.24

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances over three months due	$68,686.97	
Book value, bonds over market value	17,374.34	
		86,061.31
Total admitted assets		$ 970,427.93

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	112,752.20
Total unearned premiums	455,076.23
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.	291.66
Return and re-insurance premiums	120,076.57
Other liabilities	4,640.83
Total liabilities	$ 692,837.49

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$2,605,209.00
Total premiums received during the year	32,104.82
Total losses incurred during the year.	18,813.20

FESTER & FOLSOM, *U. S. Managers.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of January, 1914.

HELEN NESTLER, *Notary Public.*